An Airport Voyeur's Experience

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While waiting for my plane, I watched a blonde beauty from a far.

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I was traveling back to Cleveland through Columbus from Nashville. My Nashville flight was on time and I had a long layover in Columbus on the way back. So I went back through security and looked for something to eat.

When I got back to the security line i was fortunate enough to be 3 people behind an absolutely gorgeous woman (in my opinion!). She was wearing a light blue two-piece business suit and a white silk button-down blouse with tan pantyhose and blue heels. Her hair (long blonde but pulled back, conservatively) was impeccable. Shiny, well groomed. The skirt was on the 'short side'. I'd say it was about 5 inches above the knee.

She was definitely a business woman on the road. She carried a black shoulder briefcase and had to run her laptop through the xray.

i watched carefully as she removed her shoes going through the xray. She obviously worked out; probably a runner, because her legs were shapely with strong calves and slim ankles. When she balanced to remove her shoes, the muscles of her thighs rippled when she steadied herself and I felt a quiver when I was able to glimpse a good 9-10 inches above her knees when she bent to replace the shoes, once past the security post.

I decided right there and then that I was going to follow her to see where she was headed and yes; I wanted to watch those legs as LONG as I possibly could!

She walked down the concourse and since I had almost 2 hours to kill before my flight, I figured, 'wherever she goes, I'm going, too'. I walked behind her on the moving walkway and watched her calves flex with each step and the muscles of her thighs ripple, as well. I strained to see if I could sense panty lines beneath the fabric of her skirt - but could see none.

I guessed her to be in her late 30's, maybe even early 40's. She caught quite a few glances by men walking the opposite way. She was one of those stunners who snapped heads around. a classy

woman who was dressed well and had, in my opinion, great legs.

I kept my distance so as to not be too suspicious. I doubt she ever really sensed anyone was following her. As the walkway ended I saw her stride off, glance at her watch and pick up her pace as she headed for her gate. My first reaction was, 'damn, she's late for her flight and this is all that I'll see of her'. I continued to follow and saw her stop at a gate area for Continental.

When I arrived at the gate area I looked at the sign above the desk and saw that the flight was headed to Sacramento via Chicago. a closer look revealed that the flight was running late. it was to have left at 1:45 pm and was now delayed to 2:20 pm. this meant i had at least 30 minutes to enjoy the 'scenery'.

I tried not to be too obvious, but I scanned the gate area to see where she had gone. she settled in the middle of a row to the right of the gate and, as (good) luck would have it, there were open seats opposite her, as well.

Again, I tried to be nonchalant about it and worked my way over to the seats across from her. She was settling in, putting things into her brief case and reaching for a book in the side pocket.

As she sat, her skirt had slid up a bit more on her thighs but her legs were carefully pressed together - at least for the moment. There was a slight gap as the material stretched across her legs, but not enough to see 'heaven' clearly. I settled in and grabbed my newspaper from my own briefcase and opened it - pretending to read it as I stole glances every few seconds at her legs.

She seemed totally unaware of my presence and read her book slowly and methodically. and finally, lifted her right leg and crossed it over her left.

Yes, I saw it. I was looking up at the right time and had a much better view of her thigh as she crossed her leg. I could also see slightly below her crossed thigh - and strained to see between her legs, but, of course, couldn't - at least not yet. Nonetheless, I could feel my excitement growing and sensed my cock hardening beneath the fabric of my silk boxers. My pulse quickened and my breathing did as well. Was it obvious? Were others watching me watch her? Who cared....I was loving this very simple pleasure, indeed!

It was just minutes, but seemed like much more before she uncrossed her legs to re-cross them. she did it slowly enough - perhaps because she was immersed in her book...but definitely slowly enough so that, for a brief instance, I had a clear view up her skirt ALL the way to her pussy!!! oh my gawd, I thought to myself, did i just see what I thought I saw???

The skirt was short enough and her movement deliberate enough that I was able to see that she had what appeared to be red panties on beneath her pantyhose. I saw the cotton panel of her hose, clearly, and saw red on either side of it.

Well, I MUST tell you, that was nearly enough for this naughty voyeur to go off in his knickers!! lol I felt my cock literally twitch at both the sight and my heightened senses...and, to my personal amusement, slide OUT of the opening in the front like a snake looking for a meal. hehe

With the arousal came an urge to cover up. I was certain, if anyone was looking, they could see how hard i had become. But that was far from a deterrent. I wanted to see MORE - in fact, I ached to rub myself. it was one of those moments where you wished you were invisible so you could watch without being seen and stroke while you enjoyed the scenery!!

Luckily, she was someone who wasn’t comfortable sitting still in any one position for any length of time. In fact, I watched her cross and uncross her legs a few more times and fidgeted in my seat. at least two more times I was able to see her panties. And I told myself that somehow I was going to connect the sensory pleasure with a physical one.

I decided to take my laptop computer out and put it in my lap. (I can sense your snicker here!!!). I powered up the computer and positioned the front right corner of the base against the underside of my cock. With subtlety and determination, I could occasionally rub myself against the laptop - or more specifically, the laptop against my cock and further arouse myself as I pretended to work as I gazed.

The most stimulating moment was when she decided to get up to check on the status of the flight. When she uncrossed her legs and stood, i was able to get a longer and wider view up her skirt and it took every ounce of composure to not grab a hold of myself and stroke off! hehe

Yes, as you can tell, my voyeuristic tendencies are strong and even something this simple is a major rush for me.

I continued the 'corner rub' for a few more minutes - enjoying her return and the view a while longer until her flight boarded.

When she finally stood and walked to the Elite boarding area, I was both saddened by her departure and driven to finish what I had started.

I packed up my stuff...and was grateful that my hardon had subsided enough for me to walk to the men's room down the corridor.

I found a back stall, closed and locked the door and lowered my trousers and boxers as I sat down. I realized as I did so, that a small ring of precum had dotted my boxers, which was no surprise. I could feel it welling inside me and knew I was 'primed'.

I grabbed a wad of toilet paper, wet the fingers of my left hand, squeezed my eyes shut and returned, mentally, to the scene I had just enjoyed until I could feel the end nearing.

At the moment of orgasm, I flashed on a fantasy of watching my airport hottie from her closet or perhaps a window outside her bedroom as she slid her skirt off in front of her mirror to reveal those delicious legs and that lovely red fabric of her panties - thongs (I imagined, since I saw no panty lines) under the smooth, soft tan pantyhose.....

I looked down as I came to watch four strong streams of cum squirt into my tissue.....and quivered when the last of it left me.....

A simple pleasure -- this afternoon's voyeur adventure...but a pleasing one, nonetheless....